KNAVERY IN ALL TRADES:

OR, THE

Coffee-House.

A COMEDY.

As it was Acted in the Christmas Holidays by several Apprentices With great Applause.

With *LICENSE.*

LONDON,

Printed by *J. B.* for *W. Gilbertson*, and *H. Marsh*, and are to be Sold at the *Royal Exchange*, *Fleet-Street*, and *Westminster-Hall*, 1664.

PERSONS NAMES.

Compound, a Vintner.
Rasey, his Drawer.
Pickle, an Oyleman.
Samphire his Man.
Pepper, a Grocer.
Smoak his Man.
Subtler a Victualler.
Froth, his Tapster.
Mahoone, the Coffee-Man.
Hunt-Cliffe, a Cast-Courtier.

Sweet-Lips, Wife to Compound.
Olive, Wife to Pickle.
Fraile, Wife to Pepper.
Compliance, Wife to Subtler.
Rampant, Wife to Mahoone.

A Man servant, & A Maid servant, } belonging to the Coffee-House.

Several Gentlemen, *and other Persons.*

Knavery in all Trades.

Or, the

Coffee-Houſe.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter Froth, Raſy, and Smoake.

Froth. Have made an eſcape as hard as one of *Jupiters* to ſee thee, *Raſy*; The heat of our morning buſineſs is over; and now my Stomack's more raw and cold then the weather; therefore prithee one half Pint of the beſt, if thou lov'ſt me.

Raſy. I know thy meaning, thou ſhalt have it Lad in a pint Pot. *Exit.*

Smoake. An honeſt Rogue I warrant him.

Froth. Here can I drink at any time a Pint of Sack would make a Cat ſpeak *Greek* or *Hebrew* for a Groat.

Smoake. 'Tmuſt be thy Grandams groat, then.

Froth. A good plain *Harry*, or a *Beſſes* do'ſt, or any Coyne will tantamount to four-pence.

Smoake. How, man?

Froth. True man; there's an Art in't will puzel all the Poets and Legerdemane--men living. A friend in a corner is as good as a penny in a man's Purſe, I need ſay no more.

Smoake. 'Tis good, to be acquainted with ſuch a friend.

Froth. Creep e're you go; deſerve him firſt, every man is not Froth, I nick you there; one courteſie requires another, ſo much for that, ka me, ka thee. *Enter Raſy.*

Raſy. Score a pint of White-Wine in the Roſe there.

Smoake. White-Wine! we call'd for Sack.

Froth. Paſs by his Ignorance; friend haſt thou a Pallat? here's to thee.

Smoake. By all the Wares in my Maſter's ſhop, and my Miſtreſſes *Compter* too, excellent Sack.

Raſy. Hold your peace, cannot you fare well, but you muſt cry Roaſt-meat?

Froth. This Smoak is ſuch a vapour.

Smoake. Are you for a Pipe? I have right ſpeciall in my Box.

Froth. Would choak a Dog I warrant it.

Smoake. The beſt *Spain* affords I promiſe you.

Froth. I care not if I take a whiffe,---what ſay'ſt thou *Raſy*?

Raſy. I dare not, 'tis too ſoon, come, mind your drinking, one Quart more, that's pint a piece, and we have done.

Froth. Gramercy, honeſt *Raſy*; and ſo have at thee.

Smoake. Bring a Light, and Pipes too.

Raſy. Well, I ſhall. *Exit Raſy.*

Froth. Now ſirrah, ſay I've brought you acquainted with a truſty *Trojan*, one that does prize his friend, that's ſuch as I am, that ſcornes to be behind hand in requital. If thou wilt be of our Society, then ſtudy that.

Smoake. By this hand thou know'ſt I am as prodigall of my Maſter's Goods as another can be of his; If I can ſerve *Raſy* in any thing relates to our Trade he ſhall command me.

Froth. why, that's well ſaid; I'le tell him ſo.

Smoak,

Smoak. Pray do, I warrant him a witty fellow: I like his way of ſcoring White-Wine for Sack, 'tis ingenious, & undiſcoverable.

Froth. Unleſs the Maſter come into the Room, and ſmell into the Pot.

Smoak. That's but a hazard, and care muſt mannage it.

Froth. Thou doſt inſpect well.

Smoak. I am not ignorant of good fellowſhip Froth; and have been at the like ſport in the City, when the viſible Pint of Sack has paſt the Barr, and the merry quart Bottle by cleanely conveyance brought in the Breeches, & dedicated to good fellows; & now & then (as the houſe fills, and Company reſolv'd to ſtay,) a Quart ſcor'd in the Crown and brought to us in the Myter, for which the elevated Gentlemen pay, and we paſs upon Paroll, that is, to return again, and be merry upon the like accompt; and theſe are kindneſſes I meet withall.

Froth. And how doſt thou requite 'em.

Smoak. Know *Froth*, I hate to be ingrate, I will not boaſt my doings, but while my maſter has Raſons, Currans, Figs, Sugar, Nutmeg, Cloves, all ſorts of Spices and Tobacco, they ſhall march in Pounds and Ounces to my friends, Lads. *Enter Raſey.*

Froth. Thou wilt deſerve us then; come ſprightly *Raſey*, we thirſt for thee.

Raſey. As I'm a Chriſtian the beſt Gentlemen comes to the houſe taſts not better; and ſo my love to you.

Froth. Thou doſt well, here's one that would be one of us, and though I ſay it an intelligible puppy, one will come to hand upon a good occaſion; Mr. *Pepper*'s man the Grocer.

Raſey. How do you call him Gynney?

Froth. No *Smoak*, or what you will, but certainly his proper name is *Smoaker*, for that the Pipe is ne're out of his mouth; however he's good natur'd, and true hearted.

Raſey. The fitter for our Company.

Froth. He ſwears he is ſo ta'ne with thine, thou ſhalt not want any thing his Maſters Shop affords.

Raſey. I thank ye, *Froth* knows me well enough.

Froth. And thou know'ſt me well enough *Raſey:*

Raſey. I Rogue, we are brothers.

Smoak. I hope you will intitle me too, and if you want a fourth man, I'le bring one that is true blew, an Oyle-man's Apprentice, who shall furnish you better, and with more variety then he that cryes your Olives, your Capers, your Samphire, your Barbaries, your Cowcumbers, your Anchoves, and your new Pickl'd Oysters, and cost you nothing.

Froth. By all means let's know him.

Smoak. A kind soul, and will spend his Money freely too.

Rasey. Or else he does nothing,—will he Game.

Smoak. I never try'd him.

Froth. Now thou talk'st of Gaming, what's become of the little Dapper Clark, how does he hold out?

Rasey. Pox take him, he won four pound of me but t'other day, I hope to retreive it.

Smoak. Thou hast only drawn him in.

Rasey. No, hang him, were he as good at Clerkship as he is at Gaming, he'd get more Money then his Hide could carry.

Smoak. Is he so good at it.

Rasey. It is his prayers and his daily bread; and yet I know sometimes he wants a dinner, but that is when his Mint is broke and he wants recruting; for the best of Gamsters does not alwayes winne, and then the Rogue will spend high when he has it, Whores a little, and keepes himself neat and trim, fit for good Company.

Smoak. By this hand *Rasey*, now we are Brothers (for I will be so whether thou wilt or no) if thou beest excellent at that sport, I will bring thee acquainted with such a young fry of Apprentices thou shalt want for no Commodities.

Froth. By this hand I'le go snip, and so shalt thou.

Rasey. Agreed, agreed.

Smoak. Why should not we four that is our brother Oyleman, (as yet unknown to you,) our brother Vintner here, our brother Tapster, and *Ego* my own self, brother to all, love one another? the Drapery, and the Mercery Pedees comply to cheat their Masters in gross, to please their Concubines, ('twere Porter like to say Whors,) & we never cheat our Masters but in parcels to please our selves and keep up merry Society, and for ought I know our

Masters

Masters are greater Cheats then we are, what say you Brothers.

Rasey. A learned speech, you have hit right,— *within, why I come, I come;* the truth on't is I could *Rasey.* say something as to our own calling, as to Balme and Shamlee, the merry mixtures, flumings, and sophistications, but it is an ill Bird defiles its own Nest they say; and truly I think it not necessary for a man to discover the adulterations and deceits in his own Calling.

Froth. Though we can say something as to our Callings too, 'tis wisdome to hold our peace, the truth on't is, Cheating like the Wandring *Jew* is every where; but of all cheats I hate your Coffee-House cheat.

Rasey. Why a *Turk*'s as bad as a *Jew*, if not worse.

Smoak. For my part I think they are principl'd alike.

Rasey. But the vanity of our Nation is such, that rather then we shall cheat 'em they'l bring in the divel to do't.

Smoak. A Song in three parts, the *Jew*, the *Turk*, and the Devil.

Froth. Troth *Rasey* some of your quality are serv'd in their kind, and suffer for their own sinnes, what had they to do to take anothers calling upon them, to sell Ale in silver Tankerds, ordered with Sugar, and a nick name, and sell it for 6^{d}. a Pint, half pint? and then Beer put into a Rhenish Wine Cask and sold for *March* Beer, strew'd with a little Sugar at a groat a Tankerd, and all to cozen the poor Victualler.

Rasey. That my Master was never guilty of. *call within*

Froth. I do not say he was. *Rasey.*

Rasey. I am coming,—howe're I have a plaguy spleen at the Coffee-House that cheats us all.

Smoak. No, he cheats not us, we furnish him with Tobacco, and he payes honestly, but still he is but a *Turk* as the Song goes.

Rasey. Would I could meet with some Poet that would handle the Humours of the Coffee-House a little, as I'm a Christian I'd be civil to him.

Froth. I know one, *Rasey*, that does love thee dearly; I must confess he cares not much for me, yet he will take his mornings draught in Ale, to please his company, but Sack is his best mistress, Coffee he abhominates.

Rasey. Prithee bring him hither. *Call within, why Rasey.*

Froth. He has been here, and thou canst not but know him.

Rasey. I come, I come,—I am more call'd upon, then any servant in the house; look you there's my Groat,—pay at the Barr, I'le take the Quart-pot down into the Cellar.

Froth. Here's our two Groats, prithee do thee pay the Reckoning.

Rasey. I will.

Smoak. Deer *Rasey* I am thy humble servant, by this hand when next we meet I will requite this kindness.

Froth. You Rogue I must have a pound of Verina's, for a friend in the mean time.

Smoak. Thou shalt have it.

Froth. Come go to our house and't shan't cost thee a farthing stay all day.

Smoak. I dare not do that. *Exeunt.*

Act I. Scene II.

Enter Mahoone and his Maid.

Mahoone YOu damm shade ver be de hore your Metres, and de shack nape dogbolt Rog a me man, begar dis devell Vife mind nothing in de Varld but de foke she spoil all a de men me keep, she lie a de Bed to breed leshery, and call a me men to rub her Gumms, begar, and let me do all a de varke my self; ver be de hore you shade.

Maid. My Mistress forsooth.

Mahoone. Yes a dat Bish.

Maid. She is rising forsooth.

Mahoone. De gran pock take her pour me, vat ave you done vid de milke for de Chocolet?

Maid. It is within Sir.

Mahoone. Vid in, diable be vid in der be no ting in de Pan begar.

Maid. It is in the Bole forsooth.

Mahoone. Vat boll you shade? de boll ver dat hore your Metres do pish, *maid.*

Maid. Yes forſooth.

Mahoone. Feſh me de Boul hedder; it vill be day preſant de Company come to de owſe, noting for dem begar; call de dog Rog a my man.

Maid. Yes forſooth. *Exit Maid.*

Mahoone. O de devell? dis hore Biſh my vife no come yet? a begar; he dat marry de *Angliſh* woman marry the Serpent, de Snake in boſome, de devell and all, dey do noting but keep a deire Bed and tink on dyable, vat be dis? *Enter Maid* vere be de milk you ſhade. *with the Boul.*

Maid. The Cat it ſeemes has lapt it up Sir.

Mahoone. A de Dog, biſh Cat, de ſhade my maid, de hore mine vife, and the Dog hores ſon my man, begar dey will undo me, feſh me de Eggs you damm ſhade.

Maid. Yes forſooth.

Mahoone. Hore, you ſhall no yes a forſoot, me go my ſelf you be de lucky hore ſhade you ſhal no go. *Exit Mahoone.*

Maid. A body had better be out of their life then live with ſuch a mandring hell hound, he'l find the Eggs broke too, and then I ſhall lead ſuch a life all this day.—— *Enter Mahoone*

Mahoone. O diable! vere be de Eggs you *with Egg ſhells* ſhade, biſh, damm biſh hore, ſhade vere be de Eggs? *in a Basket.* eere be de Sells? you ſhade hore vere be de Eggs?

Maid. You ſee, they are broke ſir.

Mahoone. Broak a, you damm ſhade old Nick break a your neck, pour dat broak! begar you damm ſhade, de hore my vife, and de dog Rog a my man break me to ſivers, to noting by and by; me vill no dure dis begar, take you dat varming one, two, tree, four times.

Maid. I could not help it ſir.

Mahoone. Elpe it! begar you elp noting.—O ſhack Rog my dog man, very good time ven all my tings be *Enter his man* ſpoild den you come a de luck on't. *rubbing his eyes.*

Man. Why ſir 'tis not ſo late, 'tis not day yet.

Mahoone. Begar dat be brave no day yet! dat be very fine; ſhacknape vill you lie abed pour de day? begar you be no ſervan pour moy, Myne Trade be in de Nite, Ater de Teefe break de owſe

ver

ver ave dey to come but to de Coffee-Owſe? vere come a de young Clerks, de Prentices ven dey be drinc but to the Coffee-Owſe? ver come de Plotters, de men of deſigne, but to de Coffee-Owſe? and in de Nite; the beſt time; begar dey be de beſt Cuſtomers too; begar dey drink muſh of de Coffee, and muſh of de Chocolet begar: now be you no Rog ſhack dog?

Man. I am no Rogue nor no Dog.

Mahoone. Begar you be de Rog and de dog, you be de one, two, tree, four, ſis Rogs and de dogs, me tell you dat now.

Wife. Bleſs me what ado is here, *Enter his Wife.* what's the matter?

Mahoone. De matter! go hang your ſelf ſhade hore, begar you be de hore of all de Varld.

Wife. I, I, we know your words no ſlander.

Mahoone. Begar you vid dis ſhack dog, dis ſhack nape, dis ogoly cur my man and no mind my buſineſs, de Eggs be broke, and de milk a be ſpild for de Chocolet.

Wife. Is that it, have you made all this din for a little flatten milk, and a few rotten Eggs, they all ſtood you not in three pence.

Mahoone. No matter for dat; dough the milk be ſtale, de better to make a de Chocolet, dough de Eggs be rotten dey be better for de Chocolet, and den de Sugar make all fine begar: but you be carleſs, mind noting for your profit, let all de Rog in de Town come upon you, every Barber, Fidilere, Tayleer and Tapſter be all *Turks*, now begar, and ſell de Coffee Bougra de *Angliſh* dey be all ſheats begar, me can live better in any place of de varld den in dis Country, me travail every vere and no man take mine Trade from me, and dis be all long a you, may foy, you tell my gredience to every body, pock take you for your paine.

Wife. You are alwayes ſo jealouſe of me ſweet-heart.

Mahoone. Diable ſweet art; begar you be de cunning hore, me jealouſe of you ha, ha, he, ave me no reaſons you ſhade, begar me ave no Chocolet pour de Company to day, and de Coffee two tree Gallons begar de pock ſhack dog, de Cat ſirreverence into de Caldron, faugh, faugh, fe, fe, fe.

Man. Oh ſir let it boyl well, a Dog or Cats Turd is as good as the Berry it ſelf, 'twill give a rare hogo ſir, and make the drink the better.

mahoone.

Mahoone. De better! dat be very fine, you make me leeve a dat, but me no care, it ſhall do,---you damm ſhade go your waies and knock de devil up for ſome Eggs and ſome Milk, begar me looſe vun filling by dis buſineſs, devil feſh you for a hore.

Wife. You are a foul mouth baſe fellow.

Mahoone. Begar me took you from Dog and Biſh-yard and made you de woman, and you prove de hore, de damm hore a de varld.

Wife. If I were never ſo bad I were good enough for a damn'd *Turk*.

Mahoone. Diable! me kick you begar unto de Devell, and make you de hore of de Houſe.

Maid. Good Maſter.---

Man. I pray, ſir.---

Wife. Let the Rogue come, the Renegado Rogue, I'le give him his Paſſport. *man and maid ſtand between Them.*

Mahoone. Vat, have you got your Shampians here you hore, Biſh, ſhade, dis be very fine. *knock.* So much for dat,---get you up de Shamber, the Company come in; me make no noiſe, open de door you ſhack dog, and you ſhade my maid; get you de Milk and de Eggs Preſto: begar me vill do ſtrange ting 'fore Nite.

Wife. Hang you Raskall. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Hunt-Cliffe, and Mrs. Sweet-Lips.

Hunt-Cliffe. How now, where's thy Husband?

Sweet-Lips. Gone into the City.

Hunt-Cliffe. How has he look'd on thee ſince he Trapan'd us at *Epſome*, prithee?

Sweet-Lips. With the ſame eyes he did before, and as lovingly faith la, only ſometimes he'l tell me jeſtingly 'twas a wild frolique in me; and ſo it was indeed, we might have been far more ſecurely merry neerer hand.

Hunt-Cliffe. Do'ſt think he is not Jealouſe?

Sweet-Lips. If he be, he ſhewes it not.

Hunt-Cliffe. How does he ſpeak of me?

Sweet-Lips. Very well faith La; he thinks you a right honeſt man, and ſhall not looſe a penny by ye, he had rather truſt you then a hundred Courtiers.

Hunt-Cliffe. I believe him, 'tis ſafer to truſt one Man then a Hundred. What wilt thou drink this morning?

Sweet-Lips. Any thing.

Hunt-Cliffe. A Cup of Hypocras, 'twill warme thee within Wench; come kiſs me, poor Rogue doſt not want a Courſe this morning? *claps her Cheeks.*

Sweet-Lips. You talk wildly, you have not ſlept to night well certainly. Who's at Barr there? *within anon, anon.* *Raſey* bring a Cup of Hypocras for Mr. *Hunt-Cliffe* here, and make a Toaſt. *enter Raſey.*

Raſey. I ſhall forſooth. *Exit Raſey.*

Sweet-Lips. I hope dear *Hunt-Cliffe* you are no friend unto the Coffee-Houſe.

Hunt-Cliffe. I hate the Liquor perfectly, give me the Sack, it breeds good Blood.

Sweet-Lips. The other is a dryer, a monſtrous dryer, and the greateſt enemy unto th'affaires relate unto our Sex that can be; if you love me you muſt hate that, my Husband is too much addicted to't.

Hunt-Cliffe. Let fools, and Sots affect it, Wiſemen ſleight it. *Enter Compound.*

Compound. Oh Squire *Hunt-Cliffe*, how fares your body?

Hunt-Cliffe. It will fare better by and by, we wait for Wine. *Enter Raſey with the Wine and Toaſt.*

Sweet-Lips. But new come in I proteſt my Dear---look thee, the Wine is not toucht yet.

Hunt-Cliffe. Come, here's to thee, 'tis Hypocras man.

Compound. I care not, I've newly drank Coffee.

Hunt-Cliffe. What? an enemy to thy own Calling!

Compound. Some two or three hours hence I'm for you.

Hunt-Cliffe. I ſhall Sup here to Night.

Sweet-Lips. And welcome too, Sir.

Hunt-Cliffe. Some friends of mine are newly come to Town, I am oblig'd to Treat. *Sweet-*

Sweet-Lips. What will you have provided sir?

Hunt-Cliffe. A douzen of Cocks, and half a douzen of Teale, as many Partridges, and a couple of Pullets, will do the business.

Sweet-Lips. They shall be ready sir.

Hunt-Cliffe. Twixt six and seven.

Compound. I like not things that run at six and sevens.

Hunt-Cliffe. I prithee fail me not.

Compound. You have my Wife's word for't sir.

Hunt-Cliffe. I must to Court about some special business; add this Wine to my Accompt. *Exit Hunt-Cliffe.*

Compound. So----to your Accompt! I think you'l make no Accompt on't, still scoring: I never saw a penny of his Money.

Sweet-Lips. He brings good Company to the House, my Dear.

Compound. And alwayes scores his part o'th Reckoning; a pretious purchase, what will begot at last by such a Customer? prithee wilt hold out?

Sweet-Lips. He'l pay thee all my Dear, I'le warrant it.

Compound. Nay, then I'm in a likelihood indeed to be well paid, if you be his Security.

Sweet-Lips. Not so neither my Dear; his Money he sayes will come up very shortly.

Compound. It has been long a coming, and the truth is, would I could see't once, I have small mind to trust him longer.

Sweet-Lips. As you please for that my Dear; but take my word the Gentleman's a very civil Gentleman.

Compound. I wish he prove so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Fraile, and Smoak.

Mrs. *Fraile.* What, does you Master think to Coope me up in his Counter? faith sir no, he takes his pleasure, and I'le take mine; let him look to his Comodities himself, I have other Comodities in Town to look after beside his, and as I take it a great deal better: if he calls for me when he comes in, tell him I'm gone to see my sister *Touchstone.*

Smoak. I shall forsooth.

Mrs. *Fraile.* And I pray keep you the house, though your shoos be made of running Leather.

Smoak. Yes, yes. *Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Olive.

Fraile. Sister *Olive*, how doſt thou do?

Olive. I came purpoſely to ſee you.

Fraile. Wilt go along with me to th'Play?

Olive. No, no, I dare not.

Fraile. How dare not! art thou a fool, I'd fain ſee whether my Husband could bring me to that paſs or not, I believe I ſhould break his heart firſt.

Olive. Oh fie, do not ſay ſo.

Fraile. I proteſt I ſhould, why, woman we were not born to be their ſlaves, 'tis our ſelves make our ſelves ſo.

Olive. You talk merrily.

Fraile. And ſo might'ſt thou, had'ſt thou not been a fool; thy own good nature firſt ſubjected thee; and now thy Husband keepes thee at a Beck; thou wert an humble Worme and he'l tread on thee, ſpurn thee to nothing, triumph in his Tyrany, and thou remaine a *Mome*, a ſuffering Idiot.

Olive. You wrong my Husband there, he ſcornes to beat me.

Fraile. But he does worſe, he pinches back or belly; or elſe thy Purſs I'm ſure on't; he'l not ſpare thee a penny to buy Pepins or ſcarce Pinns.

Olive. He's ſomewhat wary I confeſs, but not ſo bad, as you would make him.

Fraile. There's our ſiſter *Touchſtone* the Goldſmith's Wife, ſhe leades a life as merry as the day is long.

Olive. The happier ſhe; and yet you do not hear me complain, I am contented.

Fraile. So are patient fooles; but women that have wit, are not ſo tame: if thou wilt ſee a Play it ſhall coſt thee nothing, I'le warrant thee a Ticket, ſh'as a friend, a Player, a pretty fellow that at any time will pleaſure her, and her friends too.

Olive. I do not love to buy my paſtime at ſo dear a rate.

Fraile. How like an Aſſe thou talk'ſt, 'tis wonderous pritty to have a Player hand us into the Houſe; and when the Play is done out to the Tavern, where we are merry, Laugh untill we tickle.

Olive. Without your Husbands!

Fraile. Or we were worſe then mad; yet now and then *Touch-*

ſtone,

ſtone, himſelf comes to us, an eaſie natur'd man, full of beliefe, dare truſt the Player and his wife together, even in the Bed he is ſo fond of both.

Olive. Oh fie upon't, there will no good come on't.

Fraile. And if her friend take her to *Finſbury*, (as now and then we muſt go ſee our Coſen ſuppoſed living ſomewhere,) ſhe leaves word, and he perhaps ſoberly follows after, and if ſhe's gone from thence, or never was there, ſhe is prepar'd with an excuſe for either, 'gainſt ſhe comes home; your Players are huge witty and fit a Woman for that purpoſe rarely; which the good man does hugg with eager credit, and gives his friend thanks for the care he had of his dear wife. This is the fruit of Tickets; now if you'l ſee a Play, be one of us, we'l find you Tickets and your Husband too.

Olive. I am not grown ſo deſperate I thank you, nor you I hope, although you talk ſo wildly.

Fraile. Is mirth term'd wildneſs then? prithee turn Recluſe, ſhut thy ſelf up in ſhop, and ſtinck a Moneth, then come abroad to ayre thy ſelf, and ſee who will indure thy Company; what, deny to ſee a Play? refuſe a noble Ticket? tha'rt Earth already, doubtleſs.

Olive. 'T makes no matter, you'l ticket it ſo long that at the laſt I fear you'l come behind hand in your Reckoning; I'le trouble you no more Tweet Miſtreſs *Fraile*. *Exit.*

Fraile. 'Tis not deſir'd, good *Robin Wiſdomes* Daughter. The Baggage though has toucht me to the quick; pox take the Reckoning, would it might miſcarry, but if it be, here's one I'm ſure concern'd in't. *Enter Hunt-Cliffe.*

Hunt-Cliffe. What talking to thy ſelf?

Fraile. A thing came in my head that did direct my eyes down to my Belly, but let that paſs—methinks y'are mighty ſmug as though you came but lately from your dear beloved *Sweet-Lips*.

Hunt-Cliffe. Now thou vexeſt me; I muſt confeſs ſhe courts me with as eager an appetite as ever, but I ſlight her, the thought of thee drawes all my faculties unto their proper center thy dear Boſome; but why ſo trim art thou for walking, love?

Fraile. I am invited by a friend of mine, a ſprightly jovial Girle, one I call ſiſter, to ſee a Play.

Hunt-Cliffe. I prithee what's her Name?

Fraile. One that is not in your List I promise you; fie *Hunt-Cliffe* fie, will you ne're leave enquiring after new Faces, where's the love to me you seem so much to glorifie your self in?

Hunt-Cliffe. Dost thou distrust my love, dear heart, my soul and all that do belong to't are thy Vassals: the Light's not constanter unto the day, then I to thee, and dost thou doubt me dearest?

Fraile. Nay, nay, with her I dare adventure thee, she is my friend, I know she will not wrong me, besides she has a friend some say dare fight, and he a strict eye carries over her.

Hunt-Cliffe. So let him; thou art my Hysperides. But hear thee is my Band and half shirts done?

Fraile. They'l be brought home within a day or two. Will you go with us to the Play?

Hunt-Cliffe. If you command me, but you know my stock is low, my Moneys will not come to Town this moneth yet, and I hate when I'm frolique to be scanted.

Fraile. I have a Piece; doubtless she'l bring another to serve her friend; and that will do't I warrant thee.

Hunt-Cliffe. Well I'm thy servant still. *Exeunt:*

Enter Smoak and Samphire.

Smoak. What wind drove thee this way?

Samphire. The breath of my Mistresses commands, I am sent to a Customer with these two Barells of Anchoves.

Smoak. When wilt thou remember me:

Samphire. Oh---for thy friends *Rasey* and *Froth*.

Smoak. I you Rogue did you not promise it.

Samphire. And will perform't I vow with the first opportunity---where's thy Mistress? I need not ask for thy Master, I know where he is, he and mine are at the old sport, the merry game.

Smoak. And my Mistress is at hers by this time or I'm mistaken, she'l not be one of the last couple in Hell I warrant her.

Samphire. A shrew'd woman able to break a man's back if he had no other wayes to do't, but I've a Mistress so far from those wayes, she is as modest, as loving, and as carefull a wife as any in the City; when he has been out all night and perhaps lost twenty

or

or thirty pound at Dice, ſhe takes no notice on't, but bids him welcome home i'th morning with all the ſweet words ſhe can deviſe, gives him a Cawdle, has him to bed, and there he ſleeps till three or four a Clock i'th afternoon, & then he's ready for the ſport agen.

Smoak. A brave woman, mirour of Patience.

Samphire. Nay, I've o're heard him ſwear unto himſelf, he fear'd he ſhould be damn'd for wronging ſo good a wife, and by this hand the very thought of her ſets me into a trembling; when I'm about to ſteal Oyle, Oyſters, Anchoves, or any other Comodity to pleaſure a friend, but when I conſider that it cannot laſt, and he muſt break if he holds on his courſe, I then take hardy grace and make me friends of the unrighteous Mammon.

Smoak. Let me not live if 't ben't the wiſeſt courſe, I promiſe you I practice it, I find my Maſter draw one part of the houſe his way, and my Miſtreſs drawes another part her way; and if I (lying in the Shop) don't draw another part my way, let the Rafters of the houſe fall upon my head.

Samphire. I like that well, there is but one way to that Wood, a falſe Key, my friend.

Smoak. I hope thou doſt not think me unprovided of ſuch an Engine.

Samphire. We ſhall be brothers by and by, how could I elſe (my Miſtreſs being ſo over---vigilant,) accomodate my friends and my ſelf too, and ſend Time merrily about his buſineſs.

Smoak. *Froth* has the ſame trick too, and ſo has *Raſey* (but not a word but mum I charge thee *Samphire*,) we can keep at our Randevouze from one till five i'th morning, and enter the Tenements with ſuch ſecurity as though we had been Tenents there all night.

Samphire. When ſhall we meet?

Smoak. I'le give thee notice.

Samphire. ſhall we not drink together?

Smoak. A Cup or two at the next door, I'le get a friend to take care of my Shop the while, and call me if need be---Remember Rogue your promiſe to my friends.

Samphire. Pugh, we'l talk of that by and by. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Subtler, Complyance delivered (as in the Barr,) and Froth attending.

Subtler. I proteſt I never knew ſuch bad Trading in my life.

Froth. Every one complaines ſir, except the Coffee-Houſes, and they are never empty.

Subtler. They are ſome hinderance indeed, eſpecially in a morning, but we have Interlopers neerer us, God bleſs us from a Gun; each paltry Coachman, Butler, or Caſt-ſerving-man now ſet up the Victualling Trade; the time has been, we have not had a Room empty before this time o'th day, that Company (as one may ſay) have ſat on one anothers Lap.

Complyance. And many turn'd away too, ſweet heart, which we would willingly now entertain.

Subtler. Pox take their Receptacles, how do they fill, below?

Froth. But thinly truly ſir, take one time with another I believe our Cuſtome is as great as theirs.

Subtler. I think not, *Froth*; I do not find it ſo in my Accompts, and yet I underſtand not any reaſon why Gentlemen ſhould forſake my houſe, I never was wanting in my due reſpects and regard towards them, and have endeavoured to pleaſe all Companyes, and diſtaſt none.

Complyance. That has been my care too ſweet heart.

Froth. Some men think themſelves bound to come alwaies to one houſe, and love to ſee the faſhion of others, you know ſir new Brooms ſweep clean; and new Comers promiſe much to Cuſtomers.

Subtler. And performe as little after a while; but I have been civil to many, not only truſted 'em with my Comodities, but lent 'em money out of my Purſe, which is not yet diſcharg'd; methinks Gentlemen (as they are Gentlemen) (I name no man,) ſhould think of ſuch civilities, I ſee 'em daily frequent thoſe places, (though they think they dance in *Tenibris*) and could take a courſe that would not pleaſe 'em, but I had rather (and 'twould be part of ſatisfaction to me) enjoy 'em at my houſe as formerly, for I owe much civility to a Gentleman, and 'twould go 'gainſt the hair for me to trouble 'em.

Complyance. Yet Gentlemen ſhould do like Gentlemen.

Subtler. That's true ſweet heart, but every like is not the ſame.

D'ye

D'ye ſee how they flock in yonder? I proteſt if we have no better Trading, I ſhall never leave thee money enough when I am dead, to be marry'd in thy white Sattin Gown to another, as thy Predeceſſor was; no, no, *Hercules* then ſupported but one victualling houſe, and now he has three. *Watches.* More Company---they are paſt the Gun---and the Crown---they come hither now I warrant ye---welcome Gentlemen.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Give us that when we are going.

Complyance. What are you pleas'd to have?

2. *Gent.* A Brick---and what----

1. *Gent.* Halfe a Breſt of Mutton.

Complyance. You ſhall---ſhew a Room there. *Exeunt.*

Froth. Will you pleaſe to walk in? *Enter 2. or 3. more:*

Subtler. Here are more ſweet heart----welcome Gentlemen---why where are you there? ſhew theſe *Enter Servant.* Gentlemen a Room.

Complyance. What will you pleaſe to have Gentlemen?

1. *Gent.* How-----what ſay you! a couple of Chickins.

2. *Gent.* I, I.

Complyance. What Bread Gentlemen?

1. *Gent.* No Brick; Manchet, and freſh Beer.

Complyance. You ſhall Gentlemen, will you pleaſe to walk in?

Enter two or three Clerks. *Exeunt.*

1. *Clerk.* Mr. *Subtler* how d'ye?

Subtler. The better to ſee you all well Gentlemen---where are you there----does no man hear me? ſhew theſe Gentlemen a Room. *Enter Froth.*

Froth. Y'are welcome Gentlemen.

Complyance. What are you pleas'd to have?

2. *Clerk.* A Manchet or two, and your beſt Butter.

1. *Clerk.* and a Cup of nappy Ale.

Froth. That I'le promiſe you Gentlemen---will you walk in?

Enter two or three more. *Exeunt.*

Subtler. Here are more Company ſweet heart.

Complyance. I hope thou haſt complain'd without a cauſe, it may prove a good Morning.

Subtler. Happy be lucky---where are you there? ſhew theſe Gentlemen a Room. *Enter Servant.*

Complyance. What will you pleaſe to have?

Firſt. A Role, and a Cup of your beſt Ale.

Second. Bring me a ſingle pot of Purle.

Complyance. You ſhall, you ſhall. *Exeunt.*

The Scene is drawn.

Act the Third.

Enter Pepper and Pickle.

Pepper. HE has pickl'd you.

Pickle. And pepper'd you (my friend) or I'm miſtaken.

Pepper. A pox take all ill luck, who brought him to us?

Pickle. The Devil upon *Dun*'s back I think, I'm ſure I've loſt ſeven pound.

Pepper. And I'm not much behind thee, doſt think he did not put the ſlirr, upon us were his Dice right?

Pickle. Right for his purpoſe doubtleſs.

Pepper. I know not, but as I could gueſs he play'd the ſquare.

Pickle. And we the Coxcombs, now could I hang my ſelf to think upon the Carke and care my *Olive* takes at home.

Pepper. I ſhall not fret my neck for that matter, for I have one as careleſs as thine is carefull, and faith we are well met; if I chance to eat a Spider I hope thou'lt viſit my Carcaſe in the Grave, ycliped *Ludgate*; there are as merry Worms as heart can wiſh boy.

Pickle. Be no *Lillyan* Rogue, Predict not; I fear my Stars e're long will direct me that way, if I become thy fellow Collegiate once. A ſhort life and a merry life we'l cry; in the mean time let's tope a Pint at the Roſe and ſo march home. *Exeunt.*

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Gent. Tom, wilt drink a Glaſs of Wine, or Break-faſt with us?

2 *Gent.* Neither.

I am but juſt come from the Coffee-Houſe,
and muſt not drink, nor eat till Dinner time.

3 *Gent.*

3 *Gent.* An impoſition ridiculous!
and he's but ſhallow brain'd inclines to keep it.

2 *Gent.* That's your opinion, but I find it otherwiſe:
If I abſtain not ſome few houres, it will not Operate effectually.

3 *Gent.* Dares the *Turks* Bill
avouch that Language! he has ſtollen it from
Salvator Winter the grand *Operator*;
tell him I'le juſtify't.

1 *Gent.* Did'ſt not mind his words?
a ſaid he muſt abſtain, or 'twould not do:
his Body's then beholding more to *Abſtinence*
then to the Liquor; and I will maintain't
a Cup of Ale-berry, or *Warme-Broth* exhibited
to his ſmall Guts, obſerving leſſer time
then now he fooliſhly preſcribes himſelf,
ſhall actuate in all parts of his Body,
and do his buſineſs better.

3 *Gent.* Abandon it.
A curriſh cynicall Drink; I am perſwaded
the firſt Inventer was *Diogenes Canes*,
an utter Enemy to ſweet Society.

1. *Gent.* It is ſuppos'd (and credited by moſt)
the Berry grew upon a Bramble, neer
the River *Stix*, and the Devil to congratulate
his Coze the *Turk*, after a mighty ſlaughter,
made on the Chriſtians, ſent a graft of it
to *Turkey*, where it ſince hath ſpread it ſelf,
and like to Locus over-run the Country;
That it being grown both troubleſome, and loathſome,
the *Turk* (to ridd his Country of't) Tranſports it,
and ſends it by the baſeſt of his People,
with a large Tale of moſt Non-ſenſicall virtue,
to vend it 'mongſt the Chriſtians, and ſo poyſon 'em.

3 *Gent.* Much probabillity in't, believe me, *Tom*;
for look but on the colour of the Liquor,
and if it don't reſemble *Stix* in ſelf,
ne're truſt Complexions, nor believe old Poets;

and then the Scent on't does conclude it came
from old *Gehenna*, *Lucifers* deep Furnace,
a ſtench to ſtifle virtue and good manners.

2. *Gent.* A learned Lecture!

1 *Gent.* Nay, 'tis moſt pernitious
unto the brain, it fires the Pericranium,
diſorders all the faculties, preſents
Ideas moſt deluſive; Treaſon, Murder,
(the hand helpes to ambition) twins of villany:
Brutus ('tis thought) drank heartily of it
when he deſign'd the death of Royal *Cæſar*;
and *Cataline* Carouſt it with more greedineſs,
then th' blood of ſlaves; The Fryar that murder'd *Harry*
the Fourth of *France* drank of it; *Vaux* and *Noll*
(the laſt grand Conſpirator) toſt it up
and made no bones on't: (Treaſon went down merrily.)
It is a drink fit for dark Lanthorn men,
but ſuch as love their reaſon, and the light,
will walk our way (boy) drink good Sack, and laugh.

2 *Gent.* Prithee let me go, do not bayt me thus.

1 *Gent.* As I'm a friend to goodneſs, 'tis my fear
(if thou continu'ſt longer in thy error)
thou'lt be detected in ſome Pamphlet, for
an Idiot, but a man of far deſign.
I would not have Treaſon lurke under this
thin hide of thine, for there the danger lies,
or *Cæſar* ſpeaks untruth, (with Reverence.)

2 *Gent.* All this won't do.

3 *Gent.* But mark the folly, *Tom*,
of you Coffee-Houſe hunters you pretend
it does preſerve your health, keepes you alive
better then the Juice of *Lignum vitæ*, or *Aqua Mirabilis*;
when (for *probatum*) there was hang'd laſt Seſſions
a pretious Pick-pocket that drank it frequently,
and with the like obſervance, as thou doſt;
and yet you ſee, *mortus eſt*, nay, I am confident,
that had'ſt thou brought a Gallon on't to th' Gallowes,

and

and made him drink it, 'twould not have ſav'd his life: where reſts the virtue of your Horſe-pond-Liquor then?

2 *Gent.* Well, well, this noice converts me not nor will I drink with ye.

1 *Gent.* Go hang thy ſelf *Jew*; better Company will. There will be ten Pound offer'd ere't be long, to bring ſome Traytor in, and I hope to find thee.

2 *Gent.* Pugh, if that be all do your worſt.

3 *Gent.* Farwell burnt bread and pudle water. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

The Coffee-Houſe diſcovered; three or four Tables ſet forth, on which are placed ſmall Wax-Lights, Pipes, and Diurnalls.

Enter Mahoone *triming up the Tables, his Man ordering the Fire-pots and* China *Cups, his Wife in the Barr, his Maid imployed about the Chocolet.*

Mahoone. Vat be you doing dere, hore, ſhade?

Maid. I am making the Chocolet, ſir.

Mahoone. make a de devell! be de Chocolet to make now? bougra! de damm hore, biſh, ſhade, vill break a me, begar; ſhe put in to a muſh Milk: you ſhade, hore, une quart a de Milk, and deux quarts o de vater, vid one two Eggs, and a little Sugar make a de boone Chocolet may foy. Vife, pray you look to her, begar ſhe be de hore a de houſe,----velcome, velcome, you been velcome. *Enter* 2. *or* 3.

firſt. Monſieur *Mahoone?* Bon jour.

Mahoone. Diable de Monſieur; me be no *French* man, me be de Country of de *Turk*,

ſecond. You imitate their broken dialect.

Mahoone. Me travel all the Varld, me ſpeak all de *Lingua*; damn a de *Frenſh*, me love a de *Angliſh*, dix temps better, by our great Prophet *Mahomet*. Vat vill you drinc?

third. Coffee, bring me a Cup of Coffee.

1. & 2. And us the like.

Mahoone. You ſhack dog mind, a your buſineſs. ver vill you be? vid deſe Gentlemen? very good, vat vill you have? *Enter more Company.*

2 *Company.* Coffee, Coffee.

Mahoone. Roga, mind your buſineſs; de Coffee, de boyne Coffee, de Coffee Cordial for deſe Gentlemen. Mind a your buſineſs ſhack nape, me tell you dat. Begar, Gentlemen me tell you une ting, mine Coffee, be de Coffee of all de Varld, make a de man---ha, ha, ha---merry, may foy; it cure a de iſh in de Code, it make a de man ſtronge, very good ſtronge, dat be vorne a vay vid venery, and de droping a de ſhine in nne two tree ſcore years and no more begar, bett er den de devell Doctor, be ſure of dat. *Enter more*
You be velcome, vat vill you ave? *Company.*

3 *Company.* Coffee, Coffee.

Mahoone. Coffee! you be viſe men begar; Coffee! de better drinc in de Varld; it make a de man ſtronge, very good ſtronge; me tell'd you dat before, *to the ſecond Company.*
It make a de *Turk* ſo ſtronge, dat une *Turk* kill nne douzane'Criſtians for a break-faſt; dat make dem ſo mighty begar.

3 *Company.* Thou'lt never leave thy braging, th'art a right *French* man.

Mahoone. Begar me be no *Frenſh* man, me no lie, me tell you de true---mind your buſineſs dere ſhack nape. You be velcome: vat vill you ave? *Enter more Company.*

4 *Company.* Chocolet.

Mahoone. Chocolet! you be very viſe men for dat; de better drinc in de Varld, it make a de man ſtronge, very good ſtronge, for de voman, une *Turk* get une douze de enfans e're matin begar, dat make dem ſo numerous-----you damm ſhade mind a you buſineſs, and bring de Chocolet for dis Company---you damm ſkade, mind a me.

Maid. Yes, ſir. *Enter more Company.*

Mahoone. So very good, mine Owſe fill by and by; vat vill you ave?

5 *Company.* Some Chocolet, and ſome Coffee.

Mahoone. Four bone, may foy! de Chocolet and de Coffee make a de man live for ever! you ſhack dog, nape, mind a de Coffee, and you damm ſhade, hore, biſh, mind de Chocolet---me till you une ting, vud de *Angliſh* drinc no oder drinc den de Chocolet and de Coffee, dey vud kill all de *Turks* in Criſtendom; and conquer all de Varld begar.

5 *company.*

5. *Company.* Thou art the lying'ſt fellow----

Mahoone. Me tell de true, begar,---O ſo muſh for dat---- vill you ſit a little farder, give room to deſe Gentlemen. *Enter more Company.*

6. *Company.* With your leave Gentlemen.

Mahoone. Vat vill you ave?

6 *Company.* Some Coffee, and ſome Chocolet.

Mahoone. Very vell; begar you know de ting dat be good for de body, me knew dat before. Ver be you damm ſhade, bring de Chocolet preſant. You ſhack dog, pack Rog, vat do you do? mind a your buſineſs, and be Ang'd.

The ſeveral Tables take notice of the Diurnals.

firſt. What ſpeakes the Diurnal?

third. It ſayes the *Turk* will be here within this Moneth.

fourth. We were told that a Moneth ago, and he's not come yet: but what other Newes d'ye hear.

fifth. The Roguiſh Boyes at *Weſtminſter* ('tis ſaid) cry Doxyes twelve a penny.

Sixth. They are cheaper then ſhotten Herrings then.

firſt. Or Rotten Apples.

ſecond. Pox on't, few on 'em e're were found at Core.

ſeventh. What *Tom*, art thou there? hang me if I ſaw thee.

ſecond. Nor I thee, *Harry* how doſt do?

ſeventh. Much at one, how does Trading walk.

ſecond. Curſſed lamely, ſhe has the Gout in her great Toe.

third. I'faith I think (Gentlemen) 'tis the running Gout that vexes her; and 'tis thought ſhe will (if the diſeaſe continues) kick her heeles up.

ſeventh. No great matter, Trade was alwayes a Strumpet fit for any man.

fourth. But *Lilly* they ſay has put out a ſtrange Prediction that Cucombers, Reddiſh and Lettice, ſhall be very plentifull this year.

fifth.

fifth. We ſhall have Sauſe then, get Meat where we can.

ſixth. You know the Proverb more Sauſe then Pig.

firſt. Bring ſome more Coffee.

fourth. And Chocolet.

Mahoone. Me do your buſineſs preſant.

Company at ſecond Table.

firſt. Why Gentlemen, look you, the thing is this, if he come on that ſide, why then you know he comes not on the other ſide, but put caſe he ſhould devide his Army and march both wayes, then you know who can keep him back.

ſecond. What does the fellow mean?

firſt. I know what I know, and there's an end, if he Land at *Dover* once he'l be in *England* preſently.

Company. Ha, ha, ha.

firſt. Why Gentlemen 'tis no laughing matter, I know what I know, few words are beſt; for certain the greateſt part of his Army was ſeen on *Calice* Sands four Nights ago, though the Diurnal mention it not, yet it is as prodigious for ought you know as the late great Whale.

third. Gentlemen, has any of you ſeen the Play of *Harry* the eight?

fourth. Many years ago I did.

fifth. And ſo did I.

third. 'Tis rarely ſet forth, they ſay.

firſt. Gentlemen as I'm a Chriſtian I ought to ſpeak, I know and you cannot but all know, that if the *Turk* come into *England* once 'twill be the worſe for the whole ſtate of Chriſtendom.

third. Let him come, we have *Jews* enough to entertain him. But ſir, they ſay 'tis done rarely well.

fourth. I cannot believe it, 'tis impoſſible they ſhould do any thing ſo well as I have ſeen things done.

fifth. When *Taylor Lowen*, and *Pollard* were alive.

fourth. Did you not know *Benfield*, and *Swantted*?

fifth. Did I not know 'em? yes, and hum'd them off a hundred times.

fourth. But did you know *Mat Smith*, *Elis Worth*, and *Fowler* at the Fortune?

fifth. Yes, and I will tell you by a good token; *Fowler* you know

know was appointed for the Conquering parts, and it being given out he was to play the Part of a great Captain and mighty Warriour, drew much Company; the Play began, and ended with his Valour; but at the end of the Fourth Act he laid so heavily about him, that some Mutes who stood for Souldiers, fell down as they were dead e're he had toucht their trembling Targets; so he brandisht his Sword & made his *Exit*; ne're minding to bring off his dead men; which they perceiving, crauld into the Tyreing house, at which, *Fowler* grew angry, and told 'em, Dogs you should have laine there till you had been fetcht off; and so they crauld out again, which gave the People such an occasion of Laughter, they cry'd that again. that again, that again.

fourth. I but what d'ye call him was the man; he plaid the devil in Doctor *Faustus*, and a fellow in the Gallery throwing a Tobacco-Pipe at him; I hope to see thee (quoth He) e're long as bad as I am, what's that quoth the fellow? the Son of a Whore quoth He.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

first. You talk of your Players, I am for the Fencers, there are none living now like old *Bradshaw*, old *Batty*, *Chatterton*, and *Ned Gibs*.

fifth. I, and the Miller, I remember them too.

fourth. What *Swan* the Wrestler? know him? I think I did.

first. And so did I, then there was *Will* the Labourer and *Will* the Pewterer, that were hang'd---O they were nimble men.

fourth. And *Jack* the Butcher, a stout Rogue, and the Gentleman Wrestler; they were brave men indeed, there's none left live like 'em. The sport that I have seen in *Lincolnes-Inn-fields*, and *Moore-fields*----did you not know little *Dick* that kept the Ring?

first. What the old fellow? he and I has crackt many a Cup together; I was a Gamster too in those dayes, I lov'd to raise a Cudgell, and try a fall, as I did my Dinner.

fourth. And so did I, I did so pay a Butcher at *Bradshawes* School once,---I came up to him thus---

He rises, & extending his Arme hits the Person sets next him in the mouth

second. What do you mean by this, sir?

fourth. I was but ſhewing how I came on.

ſecond. I promiſe you wer't in another place you ſhould not come off ſo, ſir.

firſt. He meant no harme, only to ſhew his skill.

ſecond. Let him do't ſome where elſe.

firſt. The place is as free for us, as 'tis for you, ſir, for our money.

fourth. Nay if the Gentleman be angry, let him turn the Buckles of his Girdle behind him.

third. Come, you do not well, firſt to give an Offence, and then to juſtifie your ſelf in't!

Mahoone. Vat be dat? vat be dere? hoe make a de noyſe, make a de devell, no ſtay in my Owſe begar, take you de varning a dat.

fourth. Well, well, we have done. Bring us ſome more Coffee.

firſt. And Chocolet.

Mahoone. Vid all mine art, four bone.

2. and 3d. Sit you merry---take money here.

Enter Hunt-Cliffe.

Hunt-Cliffe. My deareſt *Rampant* how doſt?

Wife. Prithee love get thee into the next Room, I'le come to thee preſently.

Hunt-Cliffe. Do not ſtay. *Exit.*

Wife. I cannot from thee my deareſt. *Hunt-Cliffe.*

ſecond. Who takes money?

third. They mind it not, let's begone.

Mahoone. Vere be you dere? you damm ſhade at de Barr, you hore my Wife, take a de Reconing you hore.

Wife. Have I been gone ſo long with a Pox to you?

firſt. Nay Gentlemen we are going too.

Man ſervant. There is a *China* Cup broke, and to pay for.

fourth. Very right, what's the price?

Man ſervant. Eighteen pence.

fifth. How? fie upon't.

Mahoone. No leſs begar, den vne ſilling and vne ſix pence.

fourth. 'Tis unreaſonable, but how ere we'l pay't.

firſt. This comes of fooling. *Exeunt.*

Mahoone. You be de velcome Gentilemen.

Wife. Would they were all gone, I ſit on Thornes till I am with my *Hunt-Cliffe.* *Company*

Company at the Third Table.

first. 'Tis talkt there has been a great Overthrow
given lately to the *Turk*, 3000 Slain,
beſides the Priſoners ta'ne, which doubtleſs muſt
come neer that number, and moſt wealthy Prizes.

ſecond. I'm glad on't, but alas, ſir, 'tis to them.
but a meer Flea bite in compariſon,
to ſuch a loſs on our ſide; they can ſpare
thirty or forty Thouſand and ne're ſhrink for't.

third. With favour, I ſhould think it were good Policy,
and I preſume much Honour to our Nation,
if twenty Thouſand men well Diſciplin'd,
were ſent to his Dominions and there plagu'd him,
'twould gore him to the Guts, and make him draw
his Army homewards with a pouring vengeance.

ſecond. O ſir, 'twould coſt a world of Money, that,
and we are poor; I muſt confeſs 'twould be
a brave exploit, and fill the mouth of Fame.
But it cannot be.

firſt. Pray why, ſir?

ſecond. Why for many Reaſons Sir,
as the caſe ſtands now we have a
Gang of Fellowes would change Sides with them,
and among friends we ſhould generally make
better Turkes then Chriſtians.

third. He cannot be a perfect *Engliſh* man,
that to promote his Countryes Honour would not
ſell halfe his Patrimony.

firſt. It were a ſhame
the *Frenchmen* ſhould take ſuch an Honour from Us.

ſecond. For my part (Gentlemen) I do proteſt
I would contribute willingly my part
to further the Deſigne; would it were Working.

third. You ſpeak nobly.

fourth. What do you hear of *Ludlow*?

third. Nothing but mum.

second. Here's none but friends, good sir what is't?

third. He is turn'd *Turk*-----pray pardon me,
I speak but as I've heard.

fourth. Why is that such a crime?
but without fooling, is he chang'd?

third. I wish he were if he be not.
Why dost not thou think he were chang'd for the better;
Come you know the Old Saying,
A bad God makes a good Devil;
and that sort of Christian makes an excellent *Turk*.

fifth. Sir, as to your business fear it not.

sixth. I hope so, sir.

fifth. We have 'em upon the hip, fear it not man, I'le warrant thee.

sixth. The Suit has cost me a deal of Money.

fifth. And more 'twill cost thee, but they shall pay all at last with a *Circumferentibus*.

sixth. Nay then I care not, though I sell two of my Oxen more.

Company at the first Table call to pay.

Mahoone. Vere be de damm shade, de hore my Vife? begar she be gon agen---hore, hore, vere be you hore.

Wife. My head does so ake Sweet-heart.

Mahoone. Begar my head ash, you lie---look out a, look out a, a gran pock take you pour moy. *Hunt-Cliffe. steales out.*

1. *Company.* Here take your money.

2. *Company.* And ours too.

Wife. What have you had Gentlemen---Oh I cry you mercy you are welcome Gentlemen. *Exeunt Companyes.*
Lord how glad am I the heat of this business is over.

Mahoone. Vat vas dat shack Rog dog vas vid you hore, in de room?

Wife. A Cousen of mine you never saw before.

Mahoone. Your Cosen! all de devells in hell be your Cosen me tink. Give me a de money.

Wife. Take it, and be choakt with it.

Mahoone. Very good Vife, very good Vife.

The Scene is drawn

Act the Fourth.

Enter Froth, Smoak, Rasey, and Samphire.

Smoak. Look you, look Rogues, but my dear Brothers, I have brought my friend *Samphire* according to promise.

Froth. He's welcome, get you into that Room, I'le shut the door upon you, be not seen, I'le provide for you. *Exit.*

Rasey. Make hast, I shall be mist at home.

Samphire. I am very glad of your Acquaintance.

Rasey. I am the like of yours.

Smoak. When comes the things you wot on?

Samphire. To night without fail, when my Master and Mistress are a Bed. *Enter Froth with a huge Flaggon of Ale.*

Froth. Here's that holds at least three Quarts; when this is out it shall be fill'd agen, and there's a Jack to drink out of.

Rasey. A good Rogue.

Froth. Hear me, have an eye to the Door, if any offer to turn the Latch, clap your Flaggon under the Table an call manfully for three Jacks of Ale, I'le pay't.
I come, I come, I come. *Call within Froth, Froth.*

Smoak. Oh brave Rogue---remember Rogue a Morsell?

Froth. Well, I'le do what I can. I come, I come. *Exit. Call agen.*

Samphire. He seems to be as true a Trout as e're struck water.

Rasey. A real Rogue. *Enter Froth. call within.*

Froth. I come, I come, I come: here Rogues fall to, I have nib'd a cold Chicken, and halfe a Breast of Mutton for you, and here's a slice or two of Houshold Bread, good Provinder you Raskalls, I come, I come. *call agen.*
Is your Flaggon empty?

Smoak. We have dreyn'd him.

Froth. Give't me, I'le fill't agen, and then happy man be his dole---I come, I come,. *Exit Froth.*

Smoak. Now Rogue, you see what Company I keep.

Samphire. I am proud of 'em, and will not die in their Debts.

Rasey. I dare not stay, I'le only take a snap, and so be gone.

Samphire. And so must I. *Enter Froth with more Ale.*

Froth. I come, I come, I come----Has any been with you yet?

Omnes. No, not any.

Froth. The better; come, two Jacks a piece will send it packing.

Smoak. Have at thee Boy.

Froth. So; now get you about your businesses, *he thrusts them out.* the house begins to fill, get you that way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Subtle and his Wife, and some Gentlemen.

Subtle. Why Froth, why Froth----please you to walk in.

Froth. I come, I come, y'are welcome Gentlemen.

Wife. What will you please to have; a couple of cold Chickens, or halfe a Breast of Mutton?

1. *Gent.* The half Breast of Mutton, what say you?

2. *Gent.* I, 'twill do very well.

Wife. You shall have it presently.

Subtler. *Froth*, shew 'em a Room.

Froth. Will you please to walk in, Gentlemen. *Exeunt.*

Wife. Where are you there, my folkes are mad sure; prithee Sweet-heart reach me the half Breast of Mutton hither.

Subtle. Here's no such thing, unless you will divide a Breast in two.

Wife. Lord, how thou talk'st! there's half a Breast ready cut.

Subtle. My eyes are my own sure.

Wife. Prithee let me see, I should have eyes too----odds so there's a Chicken gone too; we are like to thrive at this rate! four and six-pence in a morning!

Subtle. But then consider---- *Enter Froth.*

Froth. Mistress, Mistress, the half Breast of Mutton, Mistress the Gentlemen are in hast.

Subtle. Here has been more hast then good speed it seemes.

Wife. What is become of the Mutton, and one of the Chickens?

Froth. What Mutton forsooth?

Wife. The half Breast, and the fellow to this Chicken.

Froth. Alas how should I know forsooth, I have not eyes here, and in the Cellar too; the Bell-man's Dog was here but even now, a shirking Cur, and yet I cannot say he had it.

Subtle. Who ever had, the Devil choak him with't.

Froth.

Froth. I ſir, but 'tis paſt that by this time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. *Pepper and his Wife.*

Pepper. And ſo, my Lady.

Wife. It is even ſo my Lord; and what think you on't?

Pepper. Why ſcurvily! and very ſcurvily! But tell me, *Fraile*, (let thy Soul dictate to thee) do I deſerve this ſcorn, theſe ſlights, theſe baſe untoward Anſwers! have I not been a Husband---- indeed too, too, too Kind----

Wife. Too much of one thing is good for nothing, you know't, it has been your own Doctrine.

Pepper. I, but my dear *Fraile* I now am ſincking.

Wife. What remedy, would you have me ſinck with you ſir?

Pepper. No my Dear; give me but an accompt of ſome goods that I miſs, they'l be a help to us in our neceſſity.

Wife. I'faith ſir no, what goods I have I'le keep; and they'l keep me, if not ſomething elſe will.

Pepper. This is audatiouſneſs beyond example; the common Brothels would not entertain a Wife ſo hideous, ſo monſtrous evil; Ingratitude is worſe then Whordom, *Fraile*, conſider that & weep.

Wife. Ha, ha, ha, weep, for what? for ſeeking to preſerve my ſelf againſt the ſtorm is coming? let *Ludgate* be thy Grave and periſh there, I'le be *Fraile* ſtill, and take my pleaſure.

Pepper. Woman provoke me not---tell me where my Goods are?

Wife. Thrown into the Thames.

Pepper. Vile woman, would I could throw thee after 'em.

Smoak. Oh maſter, maſter, there are two of your Creditors without, are very earneſt to ſpeak with you, but I told 'em you were not within; and there ſtands behind 'em an ill look'd Rogue a Serjeant on my conſcience. *Enter Smoak, in haſt.*

Pepper. Prithee Wife go to 'em.

Wife. I go to 'em! what to do?

Pepper. See who they are, give 'em good words, and tell 'em I will be with 'em ſuddenly.

Wife. To much purpoſe indeed. *Exit Fraile.*

Pepper. In the mean time, beſure you do convey the choiceſt of my Goods are now remaining, with my Debt Books, and all my Box of writings to my friends houſe, where I intend to be for ſome time 'till

'till I can Compound my Debts. *Enter Fraile.*

Fraile. They are gone; you may take your walk when you pleaſe ſir.

Pepper. Come, I hope thou'lt be in a better humour er't be long.

Fraile. I'm not of your opinion in good truth ſir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hunt-Cliffe, and Sweet-Lips.

Hunt-Cliffe. What does thy Husband think I can Coyne money? wer't not for thy ſake he ſhould lick his ſpiggot and knaw his Nailes for want of Company, e're I would croſs his Threſhold.

Sweet-Lips. O but dear *Hunt-Cliffe* for my ſake.

Hunt-Cliffe. Death! what would'ſt have me do? I have it not, thus to be vext for paltry thirty pound! I'le be a ſtranger here, or never let me---

Sweet-Lips. Oh not ſo my dear; thou'lt break my heart then, I prithee hear me.

Hunt-Cliffe. What would'ſt thou ſay?

Sweet-Lips. My Husband is a very loving Husband.

Hunt-Cliffe. What's that to me.

Sweet-Lips. And now and then when he does get old Gold, he gives it me to hoord; that at this time I praiſe my Starrs I have I think far more then will diſcharge your Debt.

Hunt-Cliffe. What of all this?

Sweet-Lips. And here they are, which I (to ſave your Credit) have rob'd my Cabinet of; not thinking any thing too dear for thee, with whom I have entruſted my very ſelf.

Hunt-Cliffe. Well, what then?

Sweet-Lips. If you will take the care to Pawne 'em *Hunt-Cliffe*, but not to looſe 'em, for they are as pretious as is my Husbands love, and my well being; and how neer that is gueſs your ſelf.

Hunt-Cliffe. Oh my poor Rogue.

Sweet-Lips. None will deny thee Silver on 'em, but be ſure they be laid ſafe, or I'm undone for ever.

Hunt-Cliffe. Doſt thou fear me? have I a Soul?

Sweet-L. Then take 'em as the pledges of my love, but ſo as they may be return'd again, I truſt thee with my life in parting with 'em.

Hunt-Cliffe. Pox on the dirt, I prize thy ſweet conditions beyond a world of ſuch like traſh as this.

Sweet-Lips.

Sweet-Lips. Dear *Hunt-Cliffe* if thou doſt regard my quiet, be carefull to redeem them in ſome time, and I'le contribute towards it what I can. *Exeunt.*

Hunt-Cliffe. My dear thy Obligations are Charmes to me.

Enter Pickle, Olive, and Samphire.

Pickle. *Samphire* about your buſineſs, let my Writing and Debt Bookes----Lord I am o're come with paſſion.

Olive. I prithee be not ſo, I'le run a ſhare with thee in all thy ſufferings.

Pickle. That's my torture; Oh muſt thy goodneſs, thy indulgence meet the cruelty that does purſue my vanity, my profuſe living, my extravagancies, my Creditors wound me not halfe ſo much as the ſharp thoughts of thee.

Olive. Yet hear me deareſt, do not diſpaire nor throw a mercy from thee, I doubt not but my care has ſo provided, thou may'ſt be able to appeaſe thy Creditors, and ſtop their violence.

Pickle. Alas poor thing what canſt thou do?

Olive. Why you ſhall ſee provided, my dear Husband: (and yet I muſt beg pardon for that Covenant, it being too peremptory for me to proffer----) *Weepes.*

Pickle. Prithee my Deareſt.

Olive. I ſay if you'l pleaſe to look about you for the future, I dare warrant your Recovery, then ne're flinch for't.

Pickle. Say'ſt thou ſo my better *Genius.*

Samphire ſtirr nothing till my wife & I do conſult further. *Exeunt.*

Samphire. Now my hopes are ſpoild, no matter; I ſhall become the honeſter, farewell *Smoak*, thou art but a vapour, and *Froth*, thou art but wind, & for *Raſey*, he is too dear a Companion. *Exit.*

Act the Fifth.

Enter Compound and Sweet-Lips.

Compound. Was ever man ſtockt with ſuch impudence, he ſends with that authority to provide a Supper, and of no ſmall conſequence; as though he ow'd me nothing, or I bound to feed his Ryot for a coppy of his ugly Countenance.

Sweet-Lips. Why truly Husband, and ſpeak but the bare truth,

the man is handſome, handſome enough indeed la.

Compound. I have ſeen (for all your wiſe opinion) a far handſomer forſake the world at *Tyburn.*

Sweet-Lips. Oh this money.

Compound. Wer't not to bring a ſcandal on my houſe, he ſhould not have digeſted ſcarce his Supper, e're I had Serjeants to ſalute his perſon; and yet, for ought I know it ſhall be done.

Sweet-Lips. Oh good, my heart, how do you know but he has brought you money; diſgrace him not before his friends, he is a Gentleman, think on that; I am perſwaded he would ne're have ventur'd (being well acquainted with your frequent Threats) to invite his friends but on a handſome ſcore: take my word for this night, and in the morning do what you pleaſe.

Compound. By this hand I will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mahoone in his Shirt.

Mahoone. Nebor, mine good Nebor vere be you dere? vere been mine Vife, begar ſhe be de hore o de Varld, ſhe robe a me o all mine money my l'argent begar, for de foke, vy Nebor, vere be mine Vife? me break houſe to day, me be undone, de grand pock take you all, vere be de hore de dam biſh hore mine Vife? me be mad as de dog, biſh, all mine money begone; me be mad begar.

Wife. Did ever man make ſuch a monſter of himſelf! why don't you come to bed? *Enter his Wife.*

Mahoone. Oh ſhade! vere have you been! foke, foke, foke, a pock take you for me. Vere be mine money you hore ſhade? vere be de money you took to day, ſhade?

Wife. Are you not aſham'd to diſturb your Neighbours? Come to bed, and you ſhall know all.

Mahoone. Know all! vat be dat? me come to bed! very good, de devel come to bed, me no come to your dog--biſh hole you ſhade.

Wife. Why then go hang your ſelf. *Exit.*

Mahoone. Out a hore ſhade vere be mine money you damm ſhade vere be mine money? me murder you, and ſend your Sole to de devell begar: mine money, mine money, mine money. *Exit running.*

Enter Hunt-Cliffe, and two or three Gentlemen.

Hunt-Cliffe. More Wine, who waites there? why *Raſey* you Raskall more Wine. *Raſey.*

Rasey. I have it here Sir. *Enter Rasey.*

Hunt-Cliffe. Bid your Master come to me.

Rasey. My Mistress Sir!

Hunt-Cliffe. No, your Master, sirrah.

Rasey. I understand you Sir, but I believe y'ave ridden him so much he'l not endure the Bit. *Aside.*

Hunt-Cliffe. Why dost not stirr?

Rasey. I'm gone Sir. *Exit.*

1 *Gent.* *Hunt-Cliffe*, thou art a Prince.

2 *Gent.* Disgus'd or neer upon't.

Hunt-Cliffe While these Spanckers last, Boyes----

1 *Gent.* Where lives thy Mammon, thy kind hearted devil?

Hunt-Cliffe. I have a legend, pretty smooth fac'd devils, such as would draw you from your prayers, to sin; fine soaking devils.
Oh Sir, are you come? *Enter Compound.*

Compound. I suppose you sent for me.

Hunt Cliffe. In very good time Sir; how stands Accompts between us?

Compound. What mean you Sir?

Hunt-Cliffe. I pray let's know it Sir, even from the beginning of the world unto this present time Sir: I abhor a Serjeant, and your poor stratagems; what do I owe you Sir? I've money for you, I hope you'l not refuse it.

Comp. Forbid I should; Sir I'le fetch you up a Bill. *Shakes his Pockets.*

Hunt-Cliffe. Pray do Sir, and put our Reckoning into't.

Gentlemen. By no meanes, we'l pay our shares.

Compound. As you please for that Gentlemen.

Hunt-cliffe. Do as I bad you Sir.

Compound. It shall be done Sir. *Exit.*

Hunt-cliffe. I hate to have such dirty fellowes think I am beholding to 'em, my soul's above it; men that have narrow thoughts crouch to such wretches, but mine are boundless---- *Enter Compound.*

Compound. Here it is Sir, and the precise day set down for every Reckoning, I scorn to wrong you Sir.

Hunt-cliffe. A righteous Steward---so----right---well---very well---just---'tis granted; and know I scorn to wrong you punctual *Compound*, the Total is 20. Pound, make your Acquittance, & that a general one, & your money is ready.

Compound. I sir, that's soon done, my Wife's a Witch sure, *Aside.*
She told me she believ'd this night he'd pay me,
the Acquitance Sir is ready. *writes.*

Hunt-Cliffe. Let me see't---from the beginning---very well---now Gentlemen I hope you will subscribe as Witnesses?

Gentlemen. I, I.

Hunt-Cliffe. Now tell your money, sir, Nineteen old Pieces, with their Allowance, friend may pass for twenty pound, your Debt. *Throwes him the Gold.*

Compound. Bless my eye sight, my own Gold upon my life, the Gold I gave my Wife in keeping---Oh vile Woman, Oh wretched man---give me back my Acquittance, the Golds not right, 'tis base Counterfeit Gold,

Gold, Oh my vexation!

1 *Gent.* Art mad, the Gold's good Gold.

2 *Gent.* Currant I warrant thee.

Compound. If it be, he came not lawfully by't, 'tis not well gotten, and I shall never thrive with it.

3 *Gent.* Have a care what you say, friend.

Hunt-Cliffe. What does the fellow mutter?

Compound. None of your fellow yet Sir, I am no Cheat, give me my Acquittance, take your ill got Goods, and I'le take my course for my Debt--- what paid with a Pig from my own Sow!---*Rasey* bid your Mistress come hither presently---I shall run mad indeed. *Exit.*

Hunt-Cliffe. I know where his Shoo wrings him; his Wife gave me this Gold to pawn for Silver---pox on the oversight, I shall loose her love for ever.

1 *Gent.* Oh 'twas a gross mistake.

2 *Gent.* Not like a Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Pay him in his own Coyne? *Enter Compound & his wife.*

Compound. Come, come, the Key of your Cabinet?

Wife. Lord, why thus hasty Husband; I cannot find it presently.

Compound. How crept these things into that Gentleman's, that worthless Gentleman's Pocket? you know 'em d'ye not?

Wife. Oh my misery---a Gentleman! a Villain, a perjur'd Villain.--- *aside.*

Compound. Answer me to my question? *She weepes.*

1 *Gent.* Poor Creature he has struck her dumb---fie *Hunt-Cliffe*, fie.

2 *Gent* Pox o' this business, 'tis a nasty business.

Hunt-Cliffe. Come, let's leave him freting in his own grease, I'le not endure the storme. *Exeunt Hunt-Cliffe and Gentlemen.*

Compound. Charge a Constable with the Rogue, he has rob'd me---oh Woman what hast thou done? what hast thou made me do? open thy shame, and mine to all the world, I shall not stir forth of my doors, but be pointed at by each Prentice boy, become the talk at every Coffee-House. *Wife.* Dear Husband upon my Knees I beg your Pardon never will I commit an error like to this. *kneels.*

Compound. It was thy lust mov'd thee to do it now, and that is such a Cankar it will eat whole Families up.

Wife. He never did attempt (if you'l believe me Husband) any uncivil Act towards me since first he came to th'House, I lookt upon him for a Gentleman; and knew you would arrest him, (you had sworn it) if that he paid you not this night.

Compound. What then?
must you rob me therefore to pleasure him?

Wife. I lent 'em him to pawn for Silver, on condition he'd redeem 'em in a moneth, to which he swore most vehemently.

Compound. Rise, I forgive thee, be wiser Wench, hereafter, and though he thinks he does securely swim, if there be Law in the Land I'le hamper him.

Exeunt.

FINIS.